

A CUBIST DREAM



By Cibeles Jolivette Gonzalez

I dedicate this book first to G-D who gave me the abilities to create it.

I also dedicate this book to my husband Wenceslas and to our sons

Wenceslao and Galileo.

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I dreamt a dream last night,

And believe me it was quite a sight.

I dreamt that triangles were the petals of a flower,

And that above it rose a great big blue tower.



I dreamt that someone was looking at me,

Staring out of a window with a face that was as strange as can be.

The face was red and had no hair,

Just remembering it still gives me quite a scare.



Music came from nowhere as strangely shaped birds flew by,

And pretty curved lines spread across the sky.



The red face again started staring,

And I stared right back no longer caring.

About being afraid of that strange red face,

Then I turned and started to walk at a slow pace.



Stars then appeared while the sun was still there,

And made the day so bright that I could not stand their light's glare.



I ventured to look up and my eyes were so amazed,

To see the stars become glowing shapes while my head was raised.



One of the shapes exploded like a volcano, and let a

swirling rainbow loose,

And although the colors were pretty, the oddness of it did not amuse.



Such a strange vision! I could almost feel myself fainting,

When I suddenly awoke and saw my copy of a Picasso painting.

